

Col. Dodd of the 'Yellow Legs' the Nemesis of Bandit Villa

An Intimate View of the Virile Dynamic Cavalry Leader Who Is Making Military History in Mexico

COL. GEORGE ALLAN DODD is making military history in Mexico and he is going about it with the determination that has characterized him well from childhood. He is what he is despite parental opposition. He had to fight from the start in order that he might qualify himself to serve in the army.

Col. Dodd was born in Williamsport, Pa., on July 12, 1865, and was less than 12 years old when the civil war came to a close. His father breathed a sigh of relief at the conclusion of hostilities, for the lad had given him no end of trouble by the determination to enlist. Dodd senior had in fact anticipated in spirit the postscript song, "Did Not Father My Boy to Be a Soldier," and his difficulties multiplied accordingly.

To carry out his desire, George Allan ran away from home, but was caught, brought back and industriously drilled with the paternal scolding. The discipline served only to spur him on, and the youngster made up his mind to enter the army sooner or later.

He pegged away at his schooling with an eye to a military career, and by sheer persistence he was admitted to West Point as a cadet on July 1, 1885, just before his twentieth birthday. About four years later he completed his academic course and was graduated, and on June 15, 1890, won his commission as a Second Lieutenant and was assigned to the Third Cavalry.

Fortune smiled upon him in making him "a yellow leg," for the cavalry arm of the service has brought out his best qualities. He seemed to have an instinctive sympathy for the horse, and the dash of mounted service made an immediate and lasting appeal to his soldierly bent.

Among his classmates at West Point was Herbert W. Hucum, to-day Colonel of the Twelfth Cavalry, and by chance stationed at Columbus, N. M., when the Villistas rushed the town and started the present trouble. Some of his other classmates were the present Chief of the General Staff, Major-General Hugh L. Scott, and Ernest A. Garlington, now a Brigadier-General and Inspector-General of the army. He has always been popular with his academy associates and a ceaseless object of admiration on the part of his fellow "yellow legs." Probably still more important has been his grip upon the enlisted man, and whatever his rank, wherever he has commanded cavalrymen the soldiers have done their best to please him.

Dodd remained with the Third Cavalry until February, 1901, being promoted in the meanwhile to First Lieutenant and then to Captain, receiving the latter rank on August 31, 1899, and finally attaining his majority on February 2, two years later, when he was assigned to the Fourteenth Cavalry. On March 16, 1902, Major Dodd was transferred to the Thirteenth Cavalry and after a year's service there went back to his old regiment, the Third Cavalry.

He became a Lieutenant-Colonel and was assigned to the Tenth Cavalry, one of the two negro cavalry regiments, and remained with that organization until November 11, 1907. He became a Colonel the year following and on April 14, 1908, was assigned to command the Twelfth Cavalry. Three years later he was detached and was reassigned in September of 1911. So far goes the rather uneventful record of this officer as one reads it in the Army Register, but official publication dealing only with dates, but colorful information is available from other sources.

Immediately after leaving West Point Dodd was ordered to the far West, and the first ten years of his service was a period of continuous activity involving one campaign after another against hostile Indians. Dodd was in the Powder River expedition of 1877; he had to do with the troubles at the Red Cloud agency in 1878; and his performances during the expedition were such as to win in 1878 the commendation of his superiors for gallant service. During the Arizona outbreak of 1883 Dodd commanded a famous company of scouts; and in 1890 he played an important part in suppressing Indian disturbances in Oklahoma. Those years of hard work went of the Mississippi constituted a schooling that developed Dodd into the finest sort of cavalry leader. What is more, the training went a long way toward making him physically the seasoned warrior that he is to-day.

During the war with Spain, as a Captain, Dodd served in the Fourth Cavalry and took part in the battle of San Juan from the 1st to the 2d of July, 1898, and participated in the siege operations following, which led to the fall of Santiago. He displayed his characteristic gallantry at that time and was commended for his conduct in the face of the enemy.

In the fall of 1898 Capt. Dodd returned to the United States, and with his troop was ordered to Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont. His stay there was brief, lasting only a few weeks, and then he was sent to the Philippines. He arrived there in time to take part in the expedition under Major-General Young which was dispatched into northern Luzon.

While a part of that expedition Capt. Dodd and his men participated in a dozen battles with the natives, and his work was of such a nature that he was commended for gallant and meritorious conduct, and Gen. Young recommended him for a Brevet Majority. This was particularly so for his conduct under fire at San Nicolas, in November, 1899. Again for conspicuous gallantry in action at Aliganagan, on April 25, 1900, Gen. Wheaton urged his promotion.

It was during Capt. Dodd's service in the Philippines that he exhibited again his cunning in outwitting the native foe. By making a wide detour, native folk that which he has recently performed in Mexico, Dodd surprised a body of 400 Filipino tribesmen, and although his force consisted of only one troop of American cavalrymen he was able nearly to annihilate his enemy. Fighting the Indians of the Western plains had taught him the value of rapid movement and the stunning effect of surprise.

States and was ordered once more to Fort Ethan Allen. While there he was promoted to Major. He remained at Fort Ethan Allen for a couple of years, and during that time made himself and his men noticed by their thrilling, spectacular cavalry drills. The men became adepts in the hair-raising Cossack drill and other equally stirring performances. Through his assistance was organized the first military tournament held here in the Madison Square Garden. In this way the



Col. George A. Dodd, U. S. A.

general public was brought to a better understanding of what mounted soldiery meant.

In 1903 Major Dodd was ordered to command Fort Assiniboine, Montana, and while there was promoted to his Lieutenant-Colonelcy and assigned as second in command to the Tenth Cavalry. In 1907 he was ordered to Chicago as Chief of Staff to Gen. Carter, who then commanded the Department of the Lakes. An experience he had at this period affords an interesting disclosure of a peculiar gift possessed by Col. Dodd.

While at his desk at headquarters one day he had a premonition that something was going to happen to his youngest son. He tried to shake it off, but the apprehensive feeling persisted. Finally he drew a telegraph blank toward him with the idea of despatching a message of caution to his wife, but pushed the blank aside impatiently.

Again he felt the warning impulse and actually wrote the message bidding his wife not to let the boy go in

bathing, but hesitated about sending it. Before the afternoon was over, however, and while his despatch lay upon his desk he received a telegram announcing the drowning of his son. Col. Dodd has been conscious of his psychic gift for years, and has told intimates that he has many times felt the appeal when matters of personal concern were impending.

One of his brother officers remarked when Col. Dodd was ordered into Mexico, "Dodd is the man to catch Villa if anybody can." Gen. Funston in speaking of Dodd's dash from Hachita, N. M., to Casas Grandes has declared it to be one of the finest performances on record in the history of the American army. To those that know this man he is simply doing today what he has so often done during

his career, gone at his task with a grim determination to win out or wear out in the effort.

A man nearly 64 years old is ordinarily decidedly below par when subjected to physical stress, and yet Dodd has been able to ride many of his men out of their saddles and to hold relentlessly to the pursuit of an enemy favored by his knowledge of the country and his ruthless manner of wringing material aid from the natives. In spite of his foe's advantages Dodd has already dealt him a stunning blow at Guerrero by the mastery handling of his men and horses. As has been said, he has a rare knowledge of the horse.

One of his old associates, a fellow "yellow leg," says: "Dodd is a quiet, unobtrusive, upstanding type of man. He loves his work and goes at it with always a finished and soldierly performance. If he had been less modest or had served in any other army under the sun, Dodd would long ago have won his star."

WAR HELPS CAMERA MAN

THE European war has been a source of great revenue to at least one small business man in this city. He is an Italian photographer with a studio in Mulberry street near Mulberry Bend Park. For years he has been at his present stand, but the people of the neighborhood had almost got out of the habit of having pictures made.

Then along came the war. With the call to the colors came a call of business from the men who wanted to be photographed in the uniform of an Italian soldier. Luigi, the photographer, saw a light. He got an artist friend to paint him a couple of scenes and then rushed to a costume. In a few hours his studio was equipped with enough uniforms to satisfy the most fastidious.

Some of the young men who had been called back to Italy were so proud of their soldierly appearance that they were pictured as Colonels and one man demanded a picture in the uniform of a Field Marshal.

With every bold load of Italians going to the other side so many copies of picture postcards. These cards

are carefully guarded and are sent back here from the other side by the owners as being true pictures of them in the trenches. Luigi laughs as some of the recipients of the cards in this country come to him for enlargements of the postcard pictures.

In discussing the fad the other day Luigi said that many of his customers had their photographs made in a uniform. As he talked he produced an almost worn out police uniform that carried with it a police helmet. Helmets have not been worn by the New York police for years, yet the lack of dates of the uniform makes little difference to the buyers. Several pictures on the walls of the gallery show to what use this particular uniform has been put. Several under sized men and even boys have worn the police coat and the sleeves show where they have been rolled up to uncover the hands.

Luigi also does considerable business with wedding and christening parties. It appears to be the custom for a wedding group to be taken with the bridegroom seated and the bride standing with her hand on his shoulder.



Miss Guimar Novaes.

SUCCESS'S ROAD EASY FOR BRAZILIAN GIRL PIANIST

IT has been said that "one need only stay in New York and all the world will come to one." A case in point is Guimar Novaes, the pianist who has lately arrived here from Brazil to see and be seen of New Yorkers.

Her career has been simple and sunshiny. Her musical work began in her seventh year, though she played by ear when 4 years old. "They say I did," she said with a pretty gesture and a smile, "but of course I do not remember."

But she does remember that at seven and a half years she composed a little waltz which she still can play. From her ninth year to her fourteenth she played in concert in South American cities. Then she was sent to Europe with a subvention from the State to study at the Paris Conservatoire.

Miss Novaes arrived in Paris on a Saturday morning. The inscription for the examinations closed at 3 in the afternoon on that day. Thanks to some of her Brazilian friends she completed in time all formalities incident to the inscription, which enabled her to take part in the examinations on the Thursday following.

Before Miss Novaes left the Conservatoire building that Saturday she learned that there were before her 357 candidates for only twelve places, and that she was the 285th. At the Conservatoire, however, she met a celebrated pianist who had heard her play while on a Brazilian tour. After expressing his amazement at seeing her in Paris and finding what her errand was, he said:

"You shall be admitted. I am certain you will take the first place."

And among the 355 candidates, representing nearly all the civilized nations of the world, the Brazilian girl did take first place.

In the first examinations Miss Novaes played Schumann's "Carnaval."

and her interpretation and technique so impressed the jury that she was requested to repeat it at the second examination for positive classification by Pader, Debussy and Mozowski. She won her desired place and for two years after she was under the tuition of Prof. Philip.

At the end of the second year, in 1912, Miss Novaes received the "premier prix du Conservatoire," and had immediately offers of engagements to play in Paris, London, Switzerland, Germany and Italy. The year before, in 1911, Miss Novaes had won the prize grand piano which is offered each year through the legacy left by a French lady. This piano is still in Paris, for Miss Novaes, except for the would have returned there last winter.

However, her own people of Sao Paulo last May presented her with another piano. "After a concert," said Miss Novaes with frank pleasure, "it was a great surprise."

Miss Novaes spoke of the character of Brazil's music. "It is very poetic," she said, "melancholy and full of sentiment and expression. But sometimes the people there like brilliant music in contrast. I myself like all music; but different days, different kinds—it depends. I now play only Oswald. His music, in form, is impressionistic, but not very difficult. Nopomuceno is another Brazilian composer whose work is descriptive; and there are Braga, whose work is for the orchestra, and G. Gomes and some others."

"Brazil is a very musical country; every one knows some music; the people are natural born artists. In Sao Paulo there is a very good conservatory, and another is in Rio de Janeiro. We have also very good orchestras and good conductors, and a season of opera, which opens in May."

At the point of the narrative as it was written.

So here it is in plain language: New York City paid the New York Railways Company \$1,705.85 in December because more people left Staten Island than ever returned—unless they swam across the bay in droves. Or, to put it another way, the New York Railways Company collected 147,417 transfers from Municipal Ferry voyagers from Staten Island, but the Municipal Ferry turnstiles registered only 135,833 returning. Therein lies the mystery.

What became of the 11,584 persons who gave their municipal transfers to conductors of the New York Railways Company and never came back to give a return transfer to the ferry collectors? Did they swim home? Did they fly home? Did they get home at all? Were they kidnapped, spirited away some place? Where are they? And how long will Staten Island's population be able to stand this rate of depletion?

The City Record does not propound or answer any of these queries, but somebody, it seems, ought to investigate the apparently treacherous quicksand that awaits guileless Staten Islanders about the Battery and the Barge Office.

"Gatling Gun" Parker, Who Foresaw Machine Made War

Years Ago Derided as the Apostle of Rapid Fire. He Now Finds Full Vindication

SURPRISE and concern were felt when it was learned that a United States army machine gun had failed to work during the raid made by Villistas on Cadiz, N. M. Promptly the War Department set about preventing a repetition of that breakdown by sending to the border the army's machine gun expert, Major John Henry Parker of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, variously known in the service as "Gatling Gun Parker" or more intimately, "John Henry."

Major Parker has a noteworthy record, because he is the man who demonstrated the possibilities of the machine gun.

This happened eighteen years ago, during Shafter's campaign, which culminated in the fall of Santiago de Cuba. The man in the street may

Parker had no difficulty in obtaining volunteers for his detachment, despite the hazardous nature of the duty that would be expected of them; and machine guns that nobody wanted were promptly appropriated by him. Four guns, in their original boxes, were issued to the detachment. They were now and apparently had never been assembled before. When put together they were found to have been constructed with such a lack of accuracy that it was necessary to use a mallet



Major John H. ("Gatling Gun") Parker, U. S. A.

not be aware of it, but Lieut. Parker— for such he was then—has been credited with turning the tide of battle at a critical period and making the capture and the retention of San Juan Hill possible. More than that, his modest little detachment effectually halted the operating of a formidable battery that might easily have put many of Shafter's fleet pieces out of action.

In short, Lieut. Parker showed the military world for the first time just what the machine gun could be relied upon to do in the hands of capable men. He anticipated and actually predicted the part that the machine gun has played in the present struggle in Europe.

Long before the war with Spain Lieut. Parker grasped the tactical value of the machine gun, and became so insistently an advocate of the weapon that he talked about it upon every possible occasion. Generally speaking, he received little encouragement and the bulk of his fellow officers were rather bored by his enthusiasm. Hence his sobriquet of "Gatling Gun Parker."

He drew up plans for a suitable carriage, so that the machine gun, ordinarily equipped with only a tripod, might have the fullest mobility and keep right along with the most advanced troops. He even went so far as to submit his plans to the Ordnance Bureau of the War Department and was snubbed for his pains. Then the Spanish war came.

Tampa was tolerably hot while the troops were gathering there for the Cuban campaign. "Thermal fever," a polite term for grouching, was on the rampage. Nevertheless Lieut. Parker was obsessed with a desire to organize a gatling gun detachment. About the only man that smiled upon his scheme was "Fighting Joe" Wheeler, whose achievements as a Confederate cavalry leader made him appreciative of the possible value of a mobile force of machine guns. Others were not so cordial, and Parker was about to give up hope of obtaining authority for an organization he desired when an order arrived for a detail of twelve men, scarcely a third of the number needed, thus it was that he was able to start things on May 27, 1898.

to drive some of the parts home. They were so stiff that they were useless for the value of a machine gun lies in the facility with which it can be pointed in any direction.

By fling away and making readjustments, the guns were modified so that the aim of any of them could be changed "by the touch of a feather." This tuning up proved of the greatest value on that fateful first of July, 1898. The men were drilled daily in packing, unpacking, mounting and dismounting, and in firing. They worked hard in the broiling sun, and gradually there was bred in the detachment that esprit de corps which means so much to a fighting unit.

Parker was farseeing; he did more than get the guns into working shape. He began by drilling with full gun crews, and then one by one he dropped out the men, simulating battle casualties, and finally reached a point of proficiency where one soldier could load, aim and fire at designated objects without any assistance.

All of this labor was apparently for naught when it came to the day for the departure for Cuba. The detachment was nearly overlooked, but through a friendly rear Parker and his men were ordered to accompany reserve ammunition on board the Cherokee, and by supreme efforts the guns were put aboard just in the nick of time. Even so, they were buried under some tons of regimental baggage that arrived late, and their speedy disembarking should occasion call for haste seemed out of the question.

As Lieut. Parker afterward reported: "At that time the detachment consisted of four guns, no mules, no pack animals, and only twelve men." Twenty more men were allowed after reaching Cuba, and it was not until June 15 that the detachment was fully organized.

Having outstripped the infantry on the morning of the 1st of July, Parker and his gatling guns were ordered to support Grimes's Light Battery at El Paso. Just about a o'clock the first of Grimes's guns worked. The fourth of the range-finding shots sped toward the Spaniards before the enemy answered, and so nearly had the foe the distance then that the first shell burst just over but a bit to the rear of the

gatling gun battery. After twenty minutes the artillery duet of the supporting infantry arrived and Parker's detachment was ordered to the rear to await orders. It was Parker's old regiment, the Thirteenth Infantry, that relieved him, and as he passed forward with his detachment his quondam associates, wondering, asked him: "Going to be a Gatling Gunner back here, John Henry?" "What do you think of machine guns now?" he asked. "The day was over the infantry had ample reason to revise its views upon the subject of Gatling guns."

Some hours later Parker had posted his guns upon a level ahead of the bullet swept ford of the Aguadores at a point in advance of the skirmishers, whence the Spaniards' works on San Juan hill were visible and now and then lit up by flashing volleys from their Mausers. Here is Parker's own account of what followed after he opened fire.

"The enemy was dazed for the first two minutes, and then a perfect hail of leaden hail swept through the foliage. The only thing that saved the battery from absolute destruction was that the enemy's shots were a little too high. * * * Three companies of our back, * * * a group of our enemy, as they climbed from their trenches, were caught by the fire of the gatlings and were seen to fall away like a lump of salt in a glass of water. Bodies of the size of a company would practically disappear in an instant after the guns had been turned on them."

"The Spaniards were unable to see with their heads above the foliage to fire at our charging line because of the missiles of death poured upon them by the machine guns. The gatling guns had no range to perfect aim. Spanish trenches were literally filled with writhing, squirming, falling masses of dead and wounded. * * * The gatlings were then run up on the hill after the raising of the flag and stripes over the San Juan hill, and were there just in time to wipe out a large body of the enemy that was sweeping upon the flank of the Rough Riders. This was, indeed, an amazing performance for a type of weapon which the scientific experts of the army had unhesitatingly declared could never be put to the front and was fit only for the defense of fortified positions."

After the capture of San Juan, some days later, Parker detected the enemy strengthening one of their positions by the installation of a large naval gun. At a distance of 2,000 yards he got the range to a heavy gun, and then one by one he dropped out the men, simulating battle casualties, and finally reached a point of proficiency where one soldier could load, aim and fire at designated objects without any assistance.

John Henry Parker, an infantryman, showed the world what the machine gun could do. The United States army has not profited as it might have by that object lesson, but other nations have. It is a matter of history now that the Germans were the first to grasp its meaning fully, and to apply it from the very start of the present struggle. Perhaps now the general public will understand better why "Gatling Gun Parker" has been ordered to the Mexican border.

EVER FEEL DOG PITY?

IN the window of a Sixth avenue store devoted to the purchase and sale of dogs the proprietor exhibits a placard that reads: "Puppies on exhibition to attract the attention of the passerby. Their antics seem to be of no account, but they are really the most wonderful of the window display."

A Bronx man who has come to pass the store every day because he has been usually interested in a little white-haired fox terrier pup that frequents the store. Every morning he stops to look at the pup and he is always pleased when he sees that while all the other puppies are appearing one by one the particular object of his interest remains. At last, when the rest of the window display had been changed completely several times, he came to the conclusion that the dog was really the matter with the little pup or he would have been sold long ago.

He felt pity for the dog who had proved so marketable as his treasure. Finally this pity grew so that he decided to buy him. So the next morning he from his home after noting his particular pup still in the window, went into the store.

"I want to buy that little white fox terrier pup which nobody seems to want," he said to the proprietor. "He ought to be sold at once. He attracts no bidders."

The proprietor looked at the pup and said significantly and sadly: "Who told you there was no bidding? They bid all right. It is a matter what they did not bid on. He's my own and he's mine. I can afford him just as well as the richest dog fancier in the city."

The Bronx man felt the dog was the same. With the knowledge that he had misplaced his pity, he stalked out irrationally heaping the proprietor the remarks: "Why, that pup's nature is a decoy."

SOME PET ANTIPATHIES AT THE ART SHOW--Shown Up in Black and White by "Bill"



MRS. GUMPH AND "LADY FRIEND": "Ain't them frames grand. But the pictures inside of 'em is just awful. I don't see why they paint 'em."



MISS CLARISSA PEARLYBROW: "Oh, beautiful! beautiful! deliciously, tinglingly beautiful! I could gaze and gaze forever!"



WILLY VAN PUDDYHUFF: "My gracious! I suppose that picture's jolly well good, but she's a fearfully miffy looking person. Not my kind, I should say."



M. SLIMME: "Ah, such deep! Such deep of ze distant! Such perfect draw of ze toe! Such classy, as you say, of ze entire!"